A W M Pozer, con 31 Jul 07

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Hadara and His Master.

Hadara was born in Abyssinia. The people in that land are not heathen: large numbers are Christians in name, though they are very ignorant, and follow many pagan customs.

When Hadara was young he was taught to pray to saints, and to fast often. He was told that if he went as a pilgrim to Jerusalem he would become holy and happy, and all his sins would be forgiven.

From this time all his thoughts were how he should get there. He had no money, so he hired himself as a servant to a person named Gergis, who said he was going to that city. But Gergis was a bad man, and after he had got the lad away from his home sold him as a slave. Hadara, however, managed to run away from the island where he was in slavery, and got back to his own land.

He now engaged himself as a servant to a missionary. Among the first truths his new master taught him were that every prayer made to saints was a proof of unbelief towards God, and, therefore sinful; and that all true prayer is offered only in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. He began to think very seriously about the right way to pray.

After this he met with some missionary papers which gave an account of the conversion of several heathens. Reading these little papers made him anxious to have a New Testament. He now for the first time saw his state as a sinner, and cried to God for mercy. He found that neither a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, nor the merits of saints, could secure for him the favor of God; it was only the blood of Christ could cleanse him from his sin.

Some time after this he met his old master, Gergis, who had sold him. But Hadara was now a Christian; and, instead of showing anger, or seeking revenge, when he found Gergis was in poverty, he helped to keep him, out of his wages, for several months. He showed that he had learned to do good to those who hated him and despitefully used him; for he had read the Saviour's words.

His kind friend, the missionary, was taken ill, and had to leave his station to return to Europe. Hadara loved his own country, yet he was willing to leave it, that he might attend his master's family.

On the journey over the deserts he drove the camels, cooked the food, kept watch at night, carried his master's sick child by day, and was ready to do anything for the comfort of those he loved: and he did all in such a cheerful way that his services were very pleasant to them. Hadara grew in piety, and it was proposed that he should be educated in Europe, and then return to his own land to preach the Gospel to his countrymen. But God was pleased to order it otherwise. He caught a cold, and became ill.

At length it was seen that he could not live long: he knew it, and now he thought more than before of the death of Christ as an offering for sin. He said there were two passages which gave him great comfort: 'He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in His own body on the tree.'

Hadara wished to return to Abyssinia, to tell his friends what the Lord had done for his soul, yet he was willing to die. 'I shall be going in a short time,' he said.

When asked where he was going, he replied, 'First to the grave; and then I shall rise again with a clear understanding—not so dark as it is now. I shall see the Lord Himself, and know all truths clearly, clearly.' His last words were, 'I am going to Heaven.'—The 'Child's Companion.'

THE CAMEL FREE AND LADEN.

The Ice-bound Ship.

A writer in the 'Christian Weekly' relates a story of a Christian sailor named John Blank, employed as first mate under Captain C——, who had command of one of the two ships which some ambitious persons in Buffalo set afloat on Lake Erie, during the fierce heat of the speculation which raged like a forest fire over the West for a few years prior to 1836.

Determined to lead the navigation of the season, the ship left Buffalo immediately after the harbor was cleared of ice, supposing, what was a quite usual occurrence, that the wind would carry the ice up the lake, break it up, and so disperse it that they would have no further trouble with it; but to their great surprise, as they neared the upper end of the lake, they found themselves moving between two immense fields of ice; that on the right

extending, apparently, to the Canadian shore, that on the left moving, before the wind, slowly but surely down upon them.

The ship was not prepared for an Arctic encounter like this, and how to escape from their perilous position was, indeed, an anxious question. But two courses presented themselves, and whether either of these was practicable remained to be seen. The first was to land on the ice, and so make their way to the Canadian shore. Our hero, John Blank, volunteered the attempt. It was, of course, fraught with fearful hazard, but he succeeded in making that exploration, and in returning safely to the ship, but only to report that the ice was entirely detached from the shore, and that escape in that direction was impossible.

The second method was to reach the open channel between the ice-fields in the ship's boats; but this idea was soon abandoned, for, at the rate the ice was moving before the wind, it was very certain the two fields would meet long before the boats could reach open water, and, if caught, they would be crushed like eggshells. What was to be done? Officers, sailors, passengers, looked in silence and with pallid cheeks upon the approaching foe. In front, as far as could be seen, there was nothing but that narrow channel, and no wind to carry them through to the open water.

Under these circumstances, the captain called the passengers and as many of the crew as could be spared, from the deck into the cabin, made a plain statement of their danger, and of his entire want of power to afford them relief, and though not a professing Christian, said: 'We are in the hands of God; if He does not interpose for us, there is no help, no hope. If any of you know how to pray, I wish you would do so.'

There sat the despairing company, with bowed heads, in deep silence, so still you could hear your heart beat. In that terrible moment, John Blank, the pious mate, raised his head, and just in a whisper, said, 'Let us pray.' Officers, passengers, sailors, at once quietly went down upon their knees, and naught was heard, except now and then a deep-drawn sigh or a half-suppressed sob, while the converted sailor, in simple, childlike language, told in the ears of Him who holds the winds in His fists and the sea in the hollow of His hand, their exposure and danger, the interest they each had in their own lives, and the lives and happiness of others, fathers, mothers, wives, children and friends; humbly confessing their sins and just exposure to pain and penalty; and then, with tearful penitence and loving trustfulness, supplicating mercy and deliverance through the crucified and exalted Redeemer.

After the prayer, the captain and mate went on deck, and who can tell what were their thoughts or feelings when they saw that, during the solemn moment of penitent prayer, the wind had changed, and now, instead of blowing the crushing ice-field upon them, it was blowing the ship slowly, but surely, through that open channel. In the presence of that strange fact, the captain and mate uncovered their heads, and John Blank looking aloft at the nearly naked yards, said, 'Shall I put some more canvas on her, captain?'

'No,' said the captain, 'don't touch her; some one else is managing the ship.' And so the unseen Hand did lead them to the open water, and to their desired haven in safety.

We will not stop to do the battle with the speculative theories of prayer, which eminent scientists have latterly thrust into the face of Christendom. The incident, of the truth of which the reader can rest assured, shall be left to bear, uninterrupted, its own testimony to the truth that God hears and answers prayer. And therefore it is written that 'men ought always to pray, and not to faint.'

Even as that cloudy giant yields, and is shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind, so is each of us born onward to an unseen destiny—a glorious one, if we will but yield to the Spirit of God, that bloweth where it listeth, with a grand listing, coming whence we know not, and going whither we know not.—George Macdonald.

My Prayers.

I prayed for riches, and achieved success—
All that my hands touched turned into gold.
Alas!
My cares were greater, and my peace was less
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.
But ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame!
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and through brain
There swept the flame of its devouring fire;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst;
Great peace fell on me, also, (and great strength.
Oh! had that prayer been first.

—Selected.

Our Daily Bread.

I hope, friend, you and I are not too proud to ask for our daily bread, and to be grateful for getting it? Mr. Philip had to pray for his, in care and trouble, like other children of men; to work for it, and I hope to pray for it, too. It is a thought to me awful and beautiful, that of the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fellow-men uttering it, in care and in sickness, in doubt and in poverty, in health and in wealth. 'Panem nostrum da nobis hodie.' Philip whispers it by the bedside where wife and child lie sleeping, and goes to his early labor with a stouter heart; as he creeps to his rest when the day's work is over, and the quotidian bread is earned, and breathes his hushed thanks to the bountiful Giver of the meal. All over this world what an endless chorus is singing of love, and thanks, and prayer. Day tells to-day the wondrous story, and night recounts it unto night. How do I come to think of a sunrise which I saw near twenty years ago on the Nile, when the river and sky flushed with the dawning light, and, as the luminary appeared, the boatman knelt on the rosy deck and adored Allah? So as thy sun rises, friend, over the humble housetops round about your home, shall you wake many and many a day to duty and labor. May the task have been honestly done when the night comes; and the steward deal kindly with the laborer.—W. M. Thackeray.

Religious Notes.

A cablegram has recently been received from Boston, authorizing our West China Mission to co-operate in a plan for a Union Christian University at Chentu, the provincial capital. Chentu is, without doubt, the most influential city in Western China. Its population includes representatives of all parts of the empire. The area of Szchuan is about equal to that of France, and its population equal to that of Japan. Chentu is the political and literary centre for this great province as well as for the adjoining portions of Tibet. Numerous high officials live in Chentu. Beside those in active service there are always 600 or 700 'expectants' living in the capital. Retired civil and military officials like to live in Chentu, to give their sons an acquaintance with official life and society. It is required of the magistrates and other lower officials that they come to the capital to receive their installation; hence there is a constant stream of officials going to the capital.—'Journal and Messenger.'

The following quotation from an article by Doctor Barton published in 'The Congregationalist' shows how one educational institution is aiding in the spread of Christian thought and truth:

'Six of the former (Doshisha) students are in Parliament and one is a director of the Bank of Japan, and the head of its business in Korea, doing there all the government business with that country. One is a private secretary to Marquis Ito and a trustee of the Doshisha. Two are doing editorial work for Count Okuma. Five are editors-in-chief of the leading dailies in Tokio, besides several who hold lower editorial positions. Doshisha men also hold important positions upon the bench and in various government offices. Two hold professorships in the Imperial University. Over 100 are teachers in private and government schools in Japan. Most of these are Christian men who carry their religion into their business and profession. About 100 more Doshisha men are engaged in direct Christian work as pastors, preachers, evangelists and secretaries of the Y. M. C. A.'

In a remarkable article published in 'The Christian Movement in Japan' in 1906, by Albertus Pieters, principal of the Reformed Church Academy, Nagasaki, the unique place and influence of education in a nation's upbuilding, is put thus: 'In September, 1864, a few American and European war vessels bombarded with impunity the forts at Shimonoseki, the gateway to the Inland Sea of Japan. In May, 1905, a little over forty years later, not far from the same Straits of Shimonoseki, Admiral Togo crushed the naval power of Russia. The difference between the Japan of 1864, wholly at the mercy of whatever power might choose to insult and despoil her, and the Japan of 1905, the mistress of the Pacific, may be summed up in one word, education.'

This is probably an overstatement of the truth. Christian education would be a better expression. And this fact must not be forgotten:

'The two foremost men who were the means of leading Japan out into her new educational era were Christian men; the one a missionary and the other at the least a missionary teacher—Dr. G. F. Verbeck and Dr. David Murray, both of the Reformed Church, America. It was under the guidance of Doctor Verbeck, who early won the acquaintance and confidence of progressive Japanese, and who was by them invited to the capital for the purpose that what is now the Imperial University of Tokio, was founded. This institution, now embracing six colleges, those of law, medicine, engineering, literature, science and agriculture, with 153 professors and 3,372 students, is the inspiration of the entire national educational system.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: D. Campbell, Middlemiss .. .. $ 1.00

Received for the cots: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Millar, Brighton, $10.00; D. Campbell, Middlemiss, $1.00; Total .. .. $ 11.00

Received for the komatik: Friends, Montreal, $1.00; A Friend, Inchagala, (for support of dog), $1.00; Total .. .. $ 2.00

Previously acknowledged for the launch	$579.00
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Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is November, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

LESSON.—SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1907.

Gideon and His Three Hundred.

Judges vii., 9-23. Memory verses 17, 18. Read Judges vi-viii.

Golden Text.

Ye shall not fear them; for the Lord he shall fight for you.—Deut. iii., 22.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 11.—Judges ii., 1-23.
Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Judges vi., 1-24.
Wednesday, Nov. 13.—Judges vi., 25-40
Thursday, Nov. 14.—Judges vii., 1-23.
Friday, Nov. 15.—Judges viii., 1-17.
Saturday, Nov. 16.—Judges viii., 18-35.
Sunday, Nov. 17.—Ps. lxxxiii., 1-18.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

How many of you can tell what weapons a soldier carries? Yes, he carries swords and guns and such things. And what would you think of a soldier who went against the enemy without any kind of a sword or gun at all? Yes, he would seem a very queer soldier, but our lesson to-day is about three hundred soldiers, something like that. They carried three things each; each had a trumpet, a torch, and a kind of jug. It must have looked a very funny army, don't you think? But there was no one there to laugh at them, because it was the middle of the night, dark and still, and their enemies were lying fast asleep in their tents.

The lesson is one of the most interesting in the series, and certainly there should be no difficulty in teaching it. Let the children figure out how the torch would be carried in one hand with its light hidden in the jug, how the other hand would likely hold the trumpet and handle of the pitcher in such a way that the fall of the pitcher could be almost immediately followed by the blast of the trumpet. If they are ordinary children they will like the thought of the smash, the row, and the sudden light in the middle of the dark, still night, immensely, and it will make the three hundred very real live people to them. Their imaginations having grasped the scene it will be easier to speak of its meaning.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The character of Gideon is one of the most interesting in the Bible. It is noticeable that Gideon was in a state of doubt whether God was any more with his people, whether all the stories of his dealings with them in time past were not mere fables, when the angel came to him. A fine well-built man in the prime of life, he seems to have been (Judges viii., 18), and God saw behind the bitter chafing at his country's bonds a heart that would do and dare if there were any to second its efforts, therefore 'The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor.' Gideon lost little time in taking his stand and the willingness with which the people flocked to his call proved, as in similar instances in the world's history, how many will follow if another has courage to lead. The incident of God's miraculous treatment of the fleece would not only encourage Gideon, but also the men who were with him. The three chapters speak eloquently of the man's modesty, his faith, his enthusiasm at times of awakened faith, his obedience to God, his determination in spite of obstacles, and also, sadly enough, how easy it was for even such a man as he to be led astray by going beyond the law of God. The story of the manner of selecting the soldiers directed by God, in which their zeal, courage, and alertness were proved, with the account that follows of the midnight attack is of the greatest interest. There is material in this lesson to supply many a full half-hour instead of only the one.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 15. He worshipped. We perceive here that he was a man of faith and prayer—a man who walked with God,—a man whose thoughts, even amidst the engrossing cares of that momentous hour, were towards his Maker,—a man who held communion with his God amidst the perils of a nocturnal sally and the stratagems of war. Having worshipped, with light and nimble steps he climbed the mountain side, and roused his little band with the words full of hearty cheer—'Arise: for the Lord hath delivered into your hand the host of Midian.'—Luke H. Wiseman.

England's Ally. Once a sturdy Scot, valiant in speech as in deed, English Ambassador to the Court of Prussia, sat at the table of Frederick the Great, then meditating a war whose sinews were to be mainly formed of English subsidies. Round the table sat French wits of the infidel sort, and they and the King made merry over decadent superstitions, the follies of the ancient faith. Suddenly the talk changed to war and war's alarms. Said the long-silent Scot, 'England would, by the help of God, stand by Prussia.' 'Ah!' said infidel Frederick, 'I do not know you had an Ally of that name;' and the infidel wits smirked applause. 'So please your Majesty,' was the swift retort, 'He is the only Ally to whom we do not send subsidies.' There stood the truth confessed. England's best ally is God; the times of her truest heroism and magnanimity have been the times when she was most obedient to Him.—A. M. Fairbairn.

To character and success, two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together—humble dependence and manly independence; humble dependence on God and manly reliance on self.—Wordsworth.

In my own hands my want and weakness are,
My strength, O God, is Thine.
—Bayard Taylor.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

The Book of Judges is a collection of records belonging to the period between the death of Joshua and the birth of Samuel, a period of 280 years according to our common chronology. But if we add together the numbers given in Judges they amount to 410 years. For this and other reasons it is entirely probable that 'the oppressions and deliverances were not successive, but, in part, synchronous. They were, in fact, without exception, local struggles; and it is not only conceivable, but highly probable, that while one part of the land was enjoying security under its judge other tribes were groaning under the foreign yoke.'—Professor Moore. While several of the events were thus occurring at the same time in different parts of the land, in other cases the judges ruled practically over the whole. 'The judges formed temporary heads in particular centres, or over particular groups of tribes,—Barak, in the north of Israel, Gideon, in the centre, Jephthah, on the east of Jordan, Samson, in the extreme southwest.'—Driver.

Gideon did the best he could with what he had. He could not thresh out his wheat on the threshing floor, which, for the sake of the wind, must be on a hilltop, in sight of the invaders. 'Gideon, therefore, took his grain to the winepress, probably into the little house of the winepress, and there in a space not big enough to fling a flail in, he beat out the grain slowly and painfully and with rods. It is a picture of a man manfully doing the only duty possible to him under extreme disadvantage, while his heart is being gnawed with doubt. . . . This, then, is heroism—the making the most of what you have. God meets us never on some fancy ground of our own choice, but where he has placed us in the dust and din of our common life. Remember to make the most of what you have, when you are tempted to complain that you have no opportunity for the great hopes with which your heart is bursting. Remember Gideon whom God met and called a hero because, while suffering from both doubt and adversity, he still did what he could do with a brave and a dogged heart.'—Report of Sermon by Prof. Geo. Adam Smith.

Academic doubts and intellectual restlessness are of no practical profit. 'But doubt that rises from the practical pressure of life, from the awful mass of labor that still lies before society, from the apparent indifference of the highest powers of the universe, though it is the awfulest doubt into which man may enter, is yet of the kind that God can use. But the strong lesson for us is that there is no doubt too deep for God to lift a man out of and make him a man of faith and victorious energy.'—Geo. Adam Smith.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Psa. cvii.; Deut. xxviii.; Isa. ix., 4; x., 26; Eph. vi., 10-12; I. Cor. iii., 9; I. Sam. xiv., 6; Psa. xx., 5; cxviii., 8; Zech. iv., 6.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 17.—Topic—Wanted: men for Gideon's band. Judg. vii., 2-7.

C. E. Topic.

THE WICKED.

Monday, Nov. 11.—God sees the wicked. Gen. vi., 5, 6.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.—God condemns the wicked. Prov. xii., 2.

Wednesday, Nov. 13.—He is angry with the wicked. Ps. vii., 11.

Thursday, Nov. 14.—The wicked are punished. Prov. xi., 5-8.

Friday, Nov. 15.—The wicked must repent. Ezek. xxxiii., 10, 11.

Saturday, Nov. 16.—God will forgive. Isa. lv., 7.

Sunday, Nov. 17.—Topic—What God thinks of the wicked. Nah. i., 3.

A Singular Experience.

Mr. H. H. McL., San Antonio, Tex., sends this interesting incident:

In one of your recent issues was an account of a young lady who was hypnotized by a snake, and her experience was so different from that of my chum of more than sixty years ago that I am led to relate his as then given me.

In a stream called Leatherwood, near Bodford, Ind., there was a pool where we went swimming, and to reach it we usually followed a path down quite a bluff, and on one occasion my chum had the experience referred to. He was suddenly arrested by the flash of brilliant colors, and which expanded and grew in gorgeousness and variety, producing the most pleasing and fascinating sensations. And these sensations were so peculiar, and from the surroundings, the thought came to him that he must be, as then called, charmed, but now hypnotized, by a snake, and he exerted all his will power to change his position, and whether from such exertions, or other cause, the charm was broken, he did not know. But when freed from it, he saw gliding away a large black snake. He said he never could think of the occurrence without a feeling of dread coming over him, and yet with the desire to retain the remembrance of those indescribable sensations, and to view those gorgeous colors again.—'C. E. World.'

When the Holy Spirit comes into the heart, He finds that we know so much already of what it were well to leave unknown; we are self-conceited, we are puffed up. We have learned lessons of worldly wisdom and earnest policy, and these we need to unlearn and deny.—Spurgeon.

BOYS AND GIRLS

My Huntress.

I know a huntress; fair indeed
  And womanly sweet is she;
Full many a trophy of the hunt
  In her home you may daily see;
And many a story of the glory
  Of the chase she has told to me.

How far away in the morning light
  Where the forests drip with dew,
With shortened skirts and still-shod feet
  She wanders the woodland through,
And swiftly creeps or quiet keeps
  For her prey to come in view.

She caught the deer in their lissom grace
  As they drank from some rock-bound pool,
And the birds that came for the morning dip
  In the waters sweet and cool.
Yes, many a raid has my huntress made
  On the pupils in nature's school

But never the forest has heard her gun,
  Or its shadows seen its flame,
And never a bird or beast has known
  They were prey of a deadly aim.
Yet those she sought were surely caught
  When into her range they came.

A camera only my huntress takes,
  As she joys in life so free;
There comes no thought of struggle or pain
  When she shows her 'game' to me,
And her eyes were bright with kindness light,
  For womanly sweet is she.

—'Dumb Animals.'

When the Minister Came to Tea.

'Really, we ought to have the minister to supper, now that his wife is away visiting,' said Mrs. Allen, thoughtfully. 'He was in yesterday and he looked lonesome.'

'We can't until we get some new dishes,' replied Lesbia, decidedly. 'I'd be mortified to death.'

Lesbia was tall, straight and golden-haired. She had a firm chin with a dimple in it. Like most young girls, she had her ideals. She disliked shabby furniture, made over gowns and worn carpets. Her especial aversion was nicked and cracked dishes. She complained a good deal in the little house because old things had to take the place of new. Mr. Allen was a poor man and Mrs. Allen was an invalid, so there was little left for 'extras' when all expenses were paid. Lesbia worried and fretted over the little economies she was forced to practice, ignoring the fact that she had more blessings than she could count.

The little brown house was shabby enough, but it was clean and homelike. No one but Lesbia would have noticed its shabbiness, for, although the carpets had seen their best days, there were plenty of books and easy-chairs, the windows were full of flowers and the sun shone into every room.

Mrs. Allen looked across at her tall girl wistfully. She was a slender, frail woman, with a sweet face, worn thin by years of ill-health.

'I don't think the minister would notice the dishes, dear, if you had one of your nice suppers,' she said, gently. 'We could have fried chicken and hot biscuit and you might make—'

'No, mother, I can't!' replied Lesbia, shortly. 'I'm ashamed of our old, shabby things. We haven't a whole cup in the house. Those that have handles are nicked, and those that are not nicked have no handles. The same thing is true of the vegetable dishes. The only thing in the house that isn't broken is grandmother's old blue china platter, and that wouldn't have escaped if we hadn't put it away. That's what those careless girls did for you before I was old enough to manage things.'

'True enough, dear,' answered her mother, cheerfully, 'and grateful indeed both father and I are that we have a daughter to look after us. We only wish we could do more for her.'

'I don't mind so much about my own clothes,' said Lesbia, soberly, 'but I should like a lovely home, with nothing old or broken in it.'

'I don't believe the minister would care about the dishes,' went on Mrs. Allen, still cheerfully. 'You make such good tea he'd forget all about the cup that held it. I wish we were rich for your sake, little daughter, but I believe, I really do, that you take our poverty too much to heart. It's not always pleasant, but perhaps you need the discipline.'

'It seems to me I get a good deal of it,' retorted Lesbia. 'I won't complain, since it only distresses you, but I do like pretty things, especially dishes. I love fine china and cut glass and silver and beautiful table-linen and since I can't have them I'm not going to air our poverty by inviting the minister to tea. He gets his meals over at Mrs. Percival's. She is rich and has all those things!'

'Yes, but she's old and deaf and peculiar, and I don't believe she has any more to eat in her fine dishes than we do in our old ones. At any rate, I know that the meals are not cooked any better and I should like to show the minister a little hospitality. His wife was so kind to me when I had that last bad turn! Never a day that she didn't come over or else send me something. Won't you, dear?'

But Lesbia rose quickly and went away beyond the sound of her mother's pleading voice. She shut the door of her little white room tight. Her dimpled chin looked firmer than ever. 'I'm not going to!' she whispered, rebelliously.

Lesbia always said afterward that she would never have changed her mind if it had not been for that sermon. There were not many at church that Sunday morning, but Lesbia was always glad she went.

The minister took his text from Judges iii., 31: 'And after him was Shamgar the son of Anath, which slew of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox-goad; and he also delivered Israel.'

His subject was 'Christian courage,' and he told how much God's people had accomplished with humble instruments—Gideon with his lamps and pitchers, David with his sling, Dorcas with her needles, and so on down to our own times. He told of brave Benjamin West, who make his first paint-brush with fur from a cat, of Watts with his teakettle, of Sir Isaac Newton with his apple and of a long line of struggling, ambitious men and women who would not let circumstances conquer them.

'They didn't wait for the appliances of skill and science,' the minister said. 'If they had waited, they would have gone to their grave obscure and unknown. They worked with what they had.

Lesbia went straight to her mother's room after church that morning. 'Mother,' she said, 'I've though better of what you asked me. If you still wish it, we will have the minister to supper after all.'

Mrs. Allen's face lighted up. 'Thank you, dear,' she answered, and Lesbia knew by her tone how happy she had made her.

The minister said he did not know when he had such a pleasant time—not since his wife had gone on a visit. Lesbia had set the table with painstaking care. The table-cloth was white, the silver teaspoons shone and there was an abundance of flowers. The supper was delicious and the minister ate as if he enjoyed everything.'

After supper Lesbia played and sang a little, and then the minister entertained the family with stories and anecdotes. It was good to see how Mrs. Allen brightened and how her husband's face lost its tired lines.

Lesbia saw it and crept away, humbled, but strengthened with a new courage and a new resolution—a resolution to make the best of narrow means, not to let poverty dwarf and thwart her aspirations, but to accept her life with its environments as God-given and with all its limitations to press on to greater things.

Lesbia went to the door with her guest that evening. The tall, gray-haired minister looked down upon her with kind eyes. 'That was a very nice supper, Lesbia,' he said, laying a fatherly hand on her young shoulder. 'I don't know when I have enjoyed anything more. It is easy to see to whom I am indebted for it.'

Lesbia smiled. 'It is we who are indebted to you,' she answered, gently. 'Didn't you notice how much you helped mother? She'll think of it for a month.' She looked up at the tall figured impulsively.

'Mother and father wanted you to come so much,' she added, 'but I—I thought we hadn't things fine enough. I wanted new dishes and cut glass, and we couldn't have them, so I felt rebellious. I wasn't going to ask you at all, until you preached on Shamgar and his ox-goad, and then it came to me to make the best of what I had. So I'm going to.'

They stood in the open door. The minister laid a hand on the golden head. He read the new look of submission in the girlish face, the spirit of meekness that had lately come to her. He foresaw struggles before her, but in the end, with this new grace in her heart, there would be success and victory. 'She will make a fine woman,' he thought.

He looked off across the moonlit hills, thinking of his own life, and of the years when he, too, had fought against the hardness of his lot; of those hard years before he had learned to overcome, to sacrifice, to serve, to be humble.

'Keep it up, Lesbia,' he said. 'Good night!'

—'Youth's Companion.'

'Search the Scriptures.'

Lillian felt a glow of pride and pleasure in her success at the guessing-game in which some of the elderly guests in the summer hotel had invited her to join.

'We can't expect to match our wits with a girl just out of high school,' said one of the party, with a kind smile at Lillian. 'We might have known that she would recognize Boswell as the Englishman whose claim to fame rested upon a biography.'

'And she knew it was Pepys who chronicled small beer and great historical events in the same cryptic pages,' added a gray-haired gentleman. 'But if you will leave the room again, Miss Lillian, we'll try to find a character that won't be so easy for you.'

When Lillian was recalled she was told that the person she was to guess was a leader, a lawmaker, and a magician, and celebrated for his meekness. After a few moments' thought, she owned herself mystified.

'He had stone tables,' a lady suggested.

'Was it Hadrian?' Lillian asked. 'He had lots of marble furniture.'

'Ours is an Old Testament character,' remarked the gray-haired gentleman, smiling, 'and he passed forty days on a mount.'

Even this hint did not enlighten Lillian. 'I'll have to give up,' she said.

'Moses,' merrily chorused all the players.

'Moses?' repeated Lillian. 'Why, did Moses preach the Sermon on the Mount?' The merriment died out of most of the elderly faces, and was replaced by a grave expression that made Lillian uncomfortable. 'Have I said something wrong?' she whispered to Mrs. Dorsey, her chaperon.

'I think, dear, we are all pained to find you don't know who preached the Sermon on the Mount,' was the gentle reply.

A few moments later Lillian answered a tap at the door of her own room, and Mrs. Dorsey entered.

'I thought when I missed you that maybe you were here alone,' she said, and then noticing Lillian's tear-stained face, 'Why, my child, you mustn't be unhappy.'

'I can't help it. I know every one in the parlor was shocked at my ignorance about the Bible.'

'Perhaps your ignorance is not altogether your fault. The Bible isn't taught as it used to be. In my early days it was considered an important part of education, and I think the present almost total neglect of it in the home and school is a sad mistake. Children who are not brought up on the Scriptures as I was don't know what they are missing. Aside from the great religious and ethical value of a knowledge of it, a familiarity with the Bible is necessary for a good understanding of literature. Do you know why Mrs.

Wharton named her novel "The House of Mirth"?'

'No,' answered Lillian.

'Then search the book of Ecclesiastes. Do you know why Mrs. Deland called a story "Many Waters"?'

'No; I read it, and I couldn't see any sense to the title.'

'That was because you hadn't read "Solomon's Song." These two names happen to occur to me now, and as you become acquainted with the Bible, you will see what fulness and richness it has given to nearly all our literature.'

'Well, I intend to become acquainted with it,' said Lillian. And she wrote home that night and asked her father to send her her mother's Bible.—'Youth's Companion.'

Do All That You Can.

'I cannot do much,' said a little star,
'To make this dark world bright;
My silvery beams cannot pierce far
Into the gloom of night;
Yet I am part of God's great plan,
And so I will do the best that I can.'

'What can be the use,' said a fleecy cloud,
'Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
If caught in her chalice of gold;
But I, too, am part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can.'

A child went merrily out to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden head—
Mother said: 'Darling, do all that you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan.'

She knew no more than the twinkling star,
Or the cloud with its raincup full,
How, why, or for what all strange things are
She was only a child at school;
But she thought: ''Tis a part of God's great plan
That even I should do all that I can.'

So she helped another child along,
When the way was rough to his feet,
And she sang from her heart to a little song
That we all thought wondrous sweet;
And her father—a weary, toil-worn man—
Said: 'I, too, will do the best that I can.'

—Selected.

Not Worth His Salt.

(By W. O. Throop.)

'Any rags, rubbers, or bottles, to day?' Mark Daily asked anxiously.

'Who's there? Oh! it's Mark Daily's brat. None of those Daily's were ever worth their salt. No, we haven't anything.'

Mark was already turning his horse and junk waggon, when he heard the sarcastic reply.

'Polly Gleason needn't have been so bitter,' he said, as he closed the gate. 'Tom Gleason is no better than my father, anyway.'

The November wind blew keenly down the straggling street as Mark slowly approached his home. When he reached it he ran to the barn to see if any fodder had arrived for his poor, jaded horse, but the barn, as usual, was empty. The money had been spent for liquor, and Mark's lip trembled, as he thought of old Dolly having to spend the cold night in the closely cropped pasture. After he had unharnessed her, he securely fastened an old blanket over the sunken frame, and led the poor creature towards the pasture bare.

Mark could not bear to turn the old horse loose. Things had not always been so. He could remember the time when Dolly had been a slick, fat, express pony, and he buried his face in the old horse's mane and burst into tears, as he thought of Polly Gleason's words, 'None of those Daily's were ever worth their salt.'

Suddenly a gentle hand was laid on his shoulder, and, looking up, he met the deep gray eyes of his sister, Ellen.

'Why, Mark! What is the matter? Come away to the house and see what the master has left you,' and she led him gently towards their desolate home.

They soon had a roaring fire started from the pine roots that Mark had gathered along the country road. As they partook of their scanty supper, Mark told Ellen what Polly Gleason had said.

'Never mind her,' she answered, smiling sadly, 'Let us remember mother's motto, 'Trust in God and do the right.'

The book that the schoolmaster had left proved to be an arithmetic, and Mark spent his evening working out problems; while Ellen did some sewing for a neighbor. At last Mark was weary and closing his book said, 'Come, Ellen, let us have a recitation before we go to bed.'

Ellen smiled, as she asked him what it should be, and, boy-like, he asked for 'The Revenge.'

Soon they were far away from the plaster-broken walls of the little kitchen—away in the midst of the great battle of 'The one and the fifty-three.'

When Ellen had finished, neither spoke for a time; then Mark said: 'You are getting better all the time. It is too bad you could not have gone to college and worked your way through like Hattie Brown is doing.'

'Oh, well I could have, only, you know, you and I have to take care of father,' she said, bravely trying to keep back the tears.

As the winter advanced, things did not improve in the Daily home, and one day the poor, diseased heart of the drunkard refused longer to beat. 'Drunken Mark,' as the neighbors called him, was laid to rest with his kindred, so many of whom had come to an untimely end through drink.

For a time after their father's death, Ellen and Mark worked on as they had been doing; but during their schooldays their teacher had been greatly interested in them, and it was through his influence that Ellen entered the 'Ladies College,' as a table waitress, with an opportunity of working her way through, and that Mark finally secured a position in the leading bank of the town.

Ellen's unusual ability in elocution was soon appreciated at the college, and she advanced rapidly. With Mark, however, it was different. His was an uphill struggle. Everyone seemed to distrust him on account of what his relatives had done, but he put his trust in a Higher Power than his own, and manfully struggled on.

One night a banquet was given in honor of one of the leading citizens, and all the bank officials were invited. It was a new world to Mark, and one that he thoroughly enjoyed, but when the sparkling glass of wine was set before him, he met with his first great temptation. Everyone was drinking, and why shouldn't he? Then all the bitter past came before him. Mark Daily's face became deathly pale, but he refused in such a firm, decided way, that all who heard him knew there was no use in further trying to persuade him. Glancing down the table Mark met the gaze of his employer firmly fixed upon him, and he thought that his action had met with his disapproval. The next morning, however, the manager congratulated him on the stand he had taken. After this Mark's advancement was rapid, and in a few years he became cashier. Ellen, had, by now become a pupil teacher at the college, and, together, they bought a small cottage overlooking the blue waters of Lake Ontario. Here they were happy with their music, their birds, and their flowers, with time to spare in the interests of others. On the outskirts of the town stood the county poorhouse, and often the lives of the inmates were brightened by a visit from Ellen and Mark, who always had a basket of fruit, or flowers, or some delicacy to bestow upon them. One day Mark came home from work with the glad news that he was to have a month's holidays. He and Ellen had never been away from the vicinity of their home, and had long talked of a trip to the coast. They felt now that the opportunity had arrived, and at once began to make preparations for their journey.

The day preceding their departure had arrived. Mark worked all day in the bank. The heat was almost stifling, but he did not mind it, for he was happily anticipating their journey. At last the busy hours were over, and he gave a sigh of relief, feeling that he was almost free. Hurriedly he gathered up the rolls of money entrusted to his care, and placed them in the vault. As he did so he was considering which road to take on a certain part of their trip, and before locking the door stepped to his desk to consult a map. But it was not there, and he remembered having it in an adjoining room. He found it where he had expected, and stood for some moments consulting it.

In the meantime, Jacob Allen, the caretaker, entered the bank by a side door, and for a moment stood speechless to find the door of the vault left unlocked, and no one in the room. Quickly he pushed the heavy door ajar, and slipped inside. In a moment he thrust several packages of bills beneath his coat, and hurried away as quietly and noiselessly as he had come.

When Mark returned he felt exceedingly annoyed to see what he had done, but not suspecting that anyone had been there he securely locked the door.

When Jacob Allen reached his home he found that he had a large sum of money in his possession. At first the old man was exultant over it. He would now have enough to keep him in his old age, and he felt that he could not work much longer. He was in the midst of his speculations when Mark Daily rapped at the door. The old man was greatly surprised to find him there, but Mark only wanted him to express his trunks to a certain point in a week's time, as he and Ellen were going somewhat out of their journey in order to visit some relatives.

Jacob Allen hastily assured him that he would be very glad to do so, and had given a key to Mark's home.

The next day Ellen and Mark started on their holiday trip. Mark was in the highest of spirits, but it was not so with Jacob Allen. When he began to realize what he had done, in the light of another day, he began to fear lest he should be suspected and the money found in his possession. As the day advanced this fear constantly increased, and that night the old man sat in his lonely home trying to think of some way out of his trouble. Suddenly he remembered that one of Mark Daily's trunks was like his own, and, grasping the package of money, and his small bunch of keys, hurried away.

It wasn't long before he had entered the Daily's cottage. Yes, the trunk was the same, and with trembling hands he fitted the key and turned the lock. Carefully he removed part of the contents, then putting in the money, he replaced them, and stealthily stole away.

In a few days it was learned at the bank that a large sum of money had been stolen, and, naturally, the suspicion fell on Mark, and when it was known that his trunks were about to be expressed to him they were searched. The money was found, and Mark Daily was brought back to his native town a suspected criminal.

Mark had friends enough to secure him bail, but the majority of the people shook their heads, and said they had always been afraid of this, that he had come of bad stock.

When the trial came off there was little evidence that Mark could obtain to prove his innocence. Circumstances were against him. The judge, too, had known his people, and he was sentenced to a term of years.

Poor Ellen! She could never remember how she spent those first bitter days, but after a time she met her great trouble face to face, and fought the battle bravely. There were many who had been her friends in the past who now scarcely recognized her. However, she was able to hold her position in the college, and decided to keep their little cottage and surroundings unchanged, awaiting Mark's return.

For a time Ellen was so occupied with her own great sorrow, that she forgot all about helping others, and it was one of Mark's let-

ters that suggested that she should, as far as possible, continue the old life.

Again she began her errands of mercy, and every week visited the inmates of the poorhouse. Often she interested the college girls to such an extent, in the lives of these poor old people, that they, too, would accompany her on her visits.

On one of these visiting days in early December, Ellen was standing at her window watching the snow as it silently covered the lawn. The flowers in the garden were all withered and gone, flowers that Mark had cared for, and loved so well. It would soon be two years since he had gone away, and Ellen's eyes were blinded with tears as she turned from the window.

It was a biting storm, and she felt half-inclined not to visit the poorhouse. For some time past Jacob Allen had been an inmate, and Ellen disliked meeting him, for she felt that in some way he was connected with the bank robbery. When she thought, however, of how the poor old people would be expecting her, she filled her basket and went, and amply was she repaid for her trouble. How pleased they all were to see her, and how gladly they accepted the rosy apples and packages of peppermints.

To-day Ellen missed Jacob Allen, and as she was about to depart the matron told her that he was sick and wished to see her.

She was greatly surprised to see the great change that had come over the old man. Eagerly he grasped her hand: 'I'm so glad you have come,' he said, feebly, and then in a broken voice admitted all that he had done.

At first Ellen was so overjoyed that she could hardly believe it. It wasn't long before it was known throughout the little town that Mark Daily was innocent, and the citizens almost to a man met the train on which he arrived, and Mark was given such an ovation as is the fortune of few to receive.

Slowly he was carried on the shoulders of the swaying crowd to the opera house, where he was called on for a speech.

Pale and haggard he stood before them. Briefly he spoke to the young men, those to whom the struggle seemed the hardest, of his early life, and concluded by assuring them that though the clouds for a time seem very dark, if they did their duty, all would be right in the end.

A Starlight Tragedy.

'The little brother to the bear,' as several naturalists have aptly called him, came scratching down the outside of an old birch stub, and alighted at its foot. It was on old track with him, for the birch stub was hollow, and its dry inside had been his home for two or three years. So he became accustomed to his backing out of his front door, and sliding tail first down his front walk.

The creature which was the size of a small dog, weighing perhaps twenty-five pounds, was not a bear, as you know bruin, but a raccoon. His habits are those of the bear, and as he belongs to the family, it is quite fair to call him 'the little brother to the bear.' He dens up every autumn and sleeps through the winter, living upon his fat for several months, just as the bear does; so you see, he is quite like bruin. His gait too, as he shambled along through the woods, reminded one of the movements of a bear, only he was rather more agile and more stealthy.

He came out into a meadow, where a quiet little brook, slipped gently upon its way, winding in and out among the meadow grass, and about the feet of the tall willows. This little stream was the favorite haunt of the raccoon, for he was something of a fisherman and would eat almost anything, if it had a fishy smell about it. In fact his Latin name means Washer, from his peculiar habit of taking everything to the brook and washing it before eating.

It was a very pretty face that was mirrored by the moonlight in the little brook. Cunning, and roguishness, and perhaps a bit of the bear's drollery were its principal traits. About the end of the nose was a white ring, and black rings about each eye. His tail was also ringed for nearly its entire length. There is but one other North American animal who enjoys this distinction of a ringed tail, and that is the civet cat of the South-west. Presently, the starlight that fell across the raccoon's shoulders showed him a small, moving object in the water. Quickly and cautiously his paw went down, and in another second a half-pound sucker was flopping in the grass. Mr. Coon broke the back of his catch at a single bite, and then leisurely ate his prize, all but the offal, which he left in the grass.

This was all very good as far as it went, but Mr. Coon was still gaunt from his long winter's fast, and a meal of one course did not satisfy him. A little further on, he poked out a fresh-water clam, and breaking it open with his teeth scooped out its slimy contents. Fish and clams were a good beginning, but he must have warm blood before he slept.

In a clump of alder bushes near the brook he got a strong bird scent. It must be on the ground and very near, for it fairly ravished his nostrils. His habit of blundering along was laid aside, and he crept stealthily, almost foxlike, toward his prey. It was from under an old log that the scent came. He was just considering whether to try to creep nearer, or spring at once and trust to luck, when a wood-cock whistled up through the alder bushes and whirled away into the darkness. Mr. Raccoon nosed along the edge of the log until the scent told him where the wood-cock had been, and then thrust his nose into the nest. It did not contain young birds as he had hoped, but five or six warm eggs. These he ate ravenuously, and the setting was spoiled. Then he crouched for a while under the edge of the log, and waited for the wood-cock's return; but she had had a bad fright, and did not come back. It was lucky that the racoon had come in the night, for the woodcock is more watchful at night than by day, or she might have been taken, too. I have frequently had a woodcock light upon the ground within ten feet of me, and stand winking and blinking for half a minute, before he would make me out.

Finally the hunter got tired of waiting, and went in search of other game. He crossed the meadow and climbed a stone wall, close by an old apple tree. At the foot of the tree, he stopped and went carefully about several times, sniffing critically. Then he went to another tree and still another, going through the same process, but finally came back to the first tree. He seemed to be trying to determine which tree he wanted.

When he had satisfied himself that he was right he began cautiously climbing, going up a foot or two and then stopping to sniff and listen. Once there was a little squeak and a flutter. This made him stop and keep very still for several seconds. But finally he hitched a few feet higher toward a large limb.

About six inches below the limb was a round, dark hole, three or four inches in diameter. Toward this hole the raccoon carefully wriggled, and with a sudden stealthy motion thrust his pointed nose into the old apple tree. There was a frightened squawk and a furious beating inside, but the struggle was very brief, for in a few seconds the relentless hunter pulled out a golden-winged woodpecker and breaking her neck at a single bite, dropped her, still fluttering feebly, to the ground.

Then the inquisitive muzzle was again thrust into the wookpecker's hole, but the bottom of the nest was so deep that he could not reach it. He wished to know if there were fledglings, or even eggs would answer his purpose; so he thrust in his paw and easily reached the bottom of the nest. One by one, he raked out the eggs, dropping them to the ground. When he was sure that the nest was entirely empty he hastily slid down the trunk of the tree to his late supper. First, he broke the eggs and licked up their contents. Then he stripped the gay coat from the yellow hammer and deliberately ate her, crunching the bones with keen relish. As with the fish he left the bird's entrails, and also her feet and beak, as too indigestible for the palate of a fastidious raccoon. When the last morsel had been eaten, and he had carefully licked every trace of blood from his paw, he climbed the wall and went home to his hollow birch by a roundabout way.

It is merely upon circumstantial evidence that I charge Mr. Raccoon with the murder of Mrs. Golden-winged Woodpecker, while sleeping, safe and snug, as she thought, in her well-protected nest in the old apple tree, but I will give you each link in the evidence and you can put it together for yourself.

I was fishing along the little brook, which was a favorite stream with me, as well as with the raccoon. I first noticed the tracks and then the entrails of the sucker, whom I identified by his head, which the old epicurean had left. Through the tall meadow grass I traced him as easily as though it had been in snow, to the empty woodcock's nest, where the egg shells had not yet dried. Again, the swale grass stood me in good stead, for it was still pressed down where he left a trail to the orchard. There at the foot of the old apple tree was seen the full measure of his crime, for golden and black and gray feathers were scattered about freely, and the two pathetic feet of the woodpecker told their sorrowful tale. Still more incriminating was bark torn from the tree, and claw marks where the raccoon had climbed. Also, an occasional gray hair sticking in the bark, added its testimony to the guilt of the accused.

This is the evidence upon which I charge Mr. Raccoon, living at the time in the old birch stub, in a neighboring sugar orchard, of murdering Mrs. Golden-winged Woodpecker, a peaceful tenant of the old apple tree.

If there be any defence for the culprit let us have it, that justice may be done.

'He was hungry and merely obeying a law of nature,' you say. 'He considers the fish of the stream and the fowls of the air, his lawful prey. To sustain life, he sharpens his wits and practices patience and cunning; he did not kill for sport, as man frequently does, but for meat. All other creatures do the same,' you say. 'The weaker animals are meat for the stronger and only the strongest of the strong survive, in the battle for life.' It is the way of the world.

Ah, Mr. Raccoon, we will have to pronounce you not guilty of murder, upon that score! You were merely seeking your supper, like any other gentleman; and having found it you helped yourself in the only way Nature had taught you. When it is kill or starve, we must judge you leniently for saving your precious life. We might have done the same. Go your way, but beware of the trap at the edge of the hill. A coon supper may be planned in the autumn, and he who dined upon Mrs. Golden-winged Woodpecker, may tickle the hunter's palate.—'Forward.'

It Made a Difference.

A little boy who had been blowing bubbles all the morning, tired of play, said:

'Read me that thory about heaven.'

'I will,' said the mother; 'but first tell me, did you take the soap out of the water?'

'O, yes; I'm pretty thure I did.'

The mother read the description of the beautiful city, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl. He listened with delight; but when she came to the words, 'No one can enter there who loveth or maketh a lie,' bounding up, he said: 'I gueth I'll go and thee about that thoap!'

They Loved Christ.

Even though you cannot talk about Christ, you can love Him,' said Mr. Moody in one of his addresses, and then in his own typical way he gave these practical illustrations:

'A young lady, a daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants in London, felt that she could not speak much for Christ, but I learned that every Sunday afternoon she stole out from that magnificent home of hers, and went to an old man who could not speak the English language, but could only speak Gaelic. This girl could read in that language, and every Sabbath afternoon she went and read to him, because that was the time of all the week when he was tempted to get drunk, and she wanted to save him.

'Another case interested me very much. When I was in London, one of the wealthiest

young men of the city, an only son of the leading London banker, a young man who was coming into possession of millions, a student at Cambridge University, felt that he could not go into the inquiry meetings, and work in that way, but he went out to a cabman one night and said:

"I will pay you your regular fee by the hour if you will go in and hear Mr. Moody preach. I will act as cabman and take care of your horse."

'And on that cold, bleak night in London, that gentleman stood by the cabman's horse and let that cabman go and hear the Gospel. He was gone about two hours, and all the while that young man stood there confessing Christ silently.'—'Ram's Horn.'

The Land of Dreams.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky;
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn;
And the nearer the mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light to that bordering land;
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile in the shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more;
One warning word from a voice once dear,
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills which shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales;
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away,
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear;
And soft low voices, that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play;
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the blooms of early May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughful shadows and joyous gleams;
And I know by thy moving lips that now
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh! heed thy feet!
Oh, keep where that beam of Paradise falls;
And only wander where thou mayest meet,
That blessed one from its shining walls!

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace to this world of strife;
And the light which over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

—W. Cullen Bryant.

How They Captured the Python.

A Story of Sumatra.

Hamburg, as many know, is the great headquarters of the trade in wild animals for menageries and 'zoos.' To Hamburg are shipped lions, elephants and giraffes, captured in South and East Africa, tigers from India, jaguars and tapirs from South America, gorillas from the Congo, orang-outangs from Bornea, and, in fact, about every kind of beast, bird, and reptile from all quarters of the globe.

The warehouses of the two principal firms engaged in this business are interesting places to visit after the arrival of a 'beast ship,' with new or unusually large specimens of animal life.

The narrator made such a visit some months ago on the arrival of a remarkably large, brilliantly-marked python, shipped from Padang, Sumatra. This colubrine giant is more than thirty feet in length, and was bespoken by the Austrian Government for a zoo at Budapest.

But the story of its capture is even more interesting than the huge creature itself, for this python had fallen a victim to its fondness for the notes of a violin.

There is a telegraph line extending across Sumatra, from Padang, connecting that port, by means of submarine cables, with Batavia and Singapore.

Along this line of land were a number of interior stations. One of these, called Pali-lopom, has been in charge of an operator named Carlos Gambrino, a mestizo from Batavia, Java, educated at the industrial school there.

The station is on a hillock in the valley of the River Kampar, and is adjacent to dense forests, jungle, and long morass. It is a solitary little place, consisting merely of four or five thatched huts, elevated on posts to a height of six feet from the ground, to be more secure from noxious insects, reptiles, and wild beasts.

As a general rule Gambrino has little enough to do, except listen to the monotonous ticking of the instrument. For solace and company, therefore, he frequently had recourse to his violin.

Thatched houses on posts in Sumatra are not commonly supplied with glass windows; but Gambrino had afforded himself the luxury of a two-pane sash, set to slide in an aperture in the side wall of his hut, and some six months ago, during the wet season, he was sitting at this window one afternoon, as he played his violin, when he saw the head of a large serpent rise out of the high grass, at a distance of seventy or eighty yards.

His first impulse was to get his carbine and try to shoot the monster, for he saw that it was a very large python, and not a desirable neighbor. But something in the attitude of the reptile led him to surmise that it had raised itself to hear the violin, and he passed at once to a lively air.

As long as he continued playing the python remained there, apparently motionless; but when he ceased it drew its head down, and he saw nothing more of it that day, although he went out with his shot gun to look for it.

Nearly a fortnight passed, and the incident had gone from his mind—for large snakes are not uncommon in Sumatra—when one night, as he was playing the violin to some native acquaintances who had come to the hut, they heard the sounds made by a large snake sliding across the bamboo platform or floor of the little verandah. On looking with a light, one of the party saw a huge mottled python gliding away.

But it was not until the reptile appeared the third time, raising its head near his window, that the telegrapher became certain that it was really his violin which attracted it.

In the meantime the operator at Padang, with whom Gambrino held daily conversations by wire, had told him that the German agent of a Hamburg house at that port would pay ten pounds, English money, for such a python as he described.

Gambrino began scheming to capture the reptile. In one of the huts at the station there was stowed a quantity of fiber rope, such as is used in Sumatra for bridging small rivers and ravines.

Gambrino contrived three large nooses from this rope, which he elevated horizontally, on bamboo poles, to the height of the window, and carried the drawing ends of the nooses inside the hut.

This was done after the operator had ascertained that at times the snake would come about the house and raise its head as if it heard the violin.

Some time later the python was beguiled by the music into raising its head inside one of the nooses, which a native, who was on the watch while Gambrino played, instantly jerked tight.

What followed was exciting. The reptile resented the trick with vigor, and showed itself possessed of far more strength than they had expected.

The rope had been made fast to a beam inside, and the snake nearly pulled the entire structure down, making it rock and creak in a way that caused Gambrino and his native ally to leap to the ground in haste from a back entrance. The reptile coiled its body about the posts and pulled desperately to break away. Altogether, it was a wild night at this little remote telegraph-station.

The next morning a crowd of natives collected; and as the python had by this time exhausted itself, they contrived to hoist its head as high as the roof of the hut and to secure its tail.

It was then lowered into a molasses hogshead, which was covered over and trussed up securely with ropes.

In this condition the python was drawn to Padang on a bullock cart. It is said to weigh more than four hundred pounds.—'Young England.'

Only a Crack.

Only a crack; only a crack in the wall.

On one side of it was a soldier's eye, on the other side a besieged town.

The town had been holding out against an army to which that curious eye belonged.

That night the soldier moving along the wall saw suddenly—what was it?

He went eagerly to it, and there his searching eye began to investigate.

The white moonlight was falling on the streets—empty. Where was the garrison? Warily, with his hands, the soldier made the opening larger, pulling away here and there, the aperture growing larger, until his body went in. There in the shadow of the buildings he made an investigation unmolested.

He went back to his army, communicated all knowledge gained that night, and soon an attacking force moved out into the moonlight.

The town was entered and captured!

Only a crack in the wall.

Only a careless thought or an idle tale. Only a wrong deed known only to yourself. A crack in the wall. But the enemy of our souls, the enemy of truth and purity, is already trying to make it larger. Will you let him?—Selected.

Opportunity.

In one of the old Greek cities there stood, long ago, a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now. But there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it; and, as we read the words, we can surely discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passer-by.

The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveller and the statue:

'What is thy name, O Statue?'

'I am called Opportunity.'

'Who made thee?'

'Lysippus.'

'Why art thou on thy toes?'

'To show that I stay but a moment.'

'Why hast thou wings on thy feet?'

'To show how quickly I pass by.'

'But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?'

'That men may seize me when they meet me.'

'Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?'

'To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught.'—'Christian Press.'

The Bible's Trail of Light.

You can trace the path of the Bible across the world from the day of Pentecost to this day. As a river springs up in the heart of a sandy continent, having its father in the skies; as the stream rolls on, making, in that arid waste, a belt of verdure wherever it turns its way, creating palm groves and fertile plains, where the smoke of the cottage curls up at eventide, and marble cities send the gleam of their splendor far into the sky—such has been the course of the Bible on earth. There is not a boy on all the hills of America; not a girl born in the filthiest cellar which disgraces a capital in Europe, and cries to god against the barbarism of modern civilization; not a boy nor a girl all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by that great Book.—Theodore Parker.

A Cure for the Dumps.

'What is the matter with you, Claire? Have you a headache, dear?'

'No, Miss Benton, thank you, only I've nothing to do, and I'm in the dumps.'

Miss Benton was silent for a minute or more, but at last she said, 'Claire dear, listen to me. You're ill with the dumps; well, I'll be a doctor and cure you. Now, will you be a good patient and take what I prescribe?'

'Yes, but if it is not too nasty,' replied Claire.

'I can't promise,' said Miss Benton; 'sometimes a bitter dose is the right cure for the dumps. But now, dear, run upstairs, get on your oldest hat and jacket, and let us start at once.'

'What, are we going out?' questioned Claire, her interest aroused.

'Yes; you see you're to be an out-patient,' replied her governess with a smile.

'But where are we going?' asked the child, not at all understand; but the children seemed contented enough.

A little farther on Claire and her governess came upon another scene quite new to the little girl, who all her life long had had every wish and fancy gratified.

A group of children had tied some clothesline to a lamp-post, and had made swings for themselves, or rather a sort of makeshift swing. A loop in the string served them for a seat, and they swung round the lamp-post until the cord was all wound up, and then they started to swing back again. It seemed poor fun enough, but the children appeared quite contented.

Twenty yards farther down the street they came upon a poor little cripple lad lying in a sort of cart rudely fashioned out of a sugar-box, set on four rough wheels. An old shawl and a pillow had been put into it, and there the boy lay, his patient little soul gazing

wistfully out through the windows of two great dark eyes.

This last sight touched Claire to the heart.

'Oh, Miss Benton,' she cried, 'do look at that dear little boy! Only see what a p-r cart he's got, and how badly he's dressed, and how thin and pale he is! And yet he doesn't seem cross or grumbling a bit. Oh, Miss Benton, I'd just love to do something for him.'

'And so you shall, dear, if papa and mamma are willing,' replied the governess.

'I've got some toys he'd like,' said Claire, 'and I'd give him another pillow; but what would be best of all, Miss Benton, would be to carry him down to some place by the sea, or in the country, and try to make him well. Wouldn't that be just lovely!'

All the way home Claire could talk of nothing but the children she had seen, and Miss Benton let her chatter to her heart's content, for the child was full of plans of what she wanted to do for the little folks. But all at once she stopped.

when Miss Benton led her away down some dreary back streets thronged with poorly-clad people and pale, squalid children.

As the governess and her pupil passed slowly along, they spied a little girl with a flower in her hand. A man with a barrow of flowering plants had gone by just before, and a single blossom had somehow been broken off and picked up by the little girl.

Claire gazed at her, wondering. This poor, common flower seemed a priceless treasure to the finder; the pinched, wan face was lighted up with a pure joy, as she pressed the blossom to her lips, kissed it, smelt it, and at last pinned it into the front of her dress.

'Why, how pleased she is!' said Claire. 'I shouldn't have noticed a poor, little flower like that.'

Then they passed on and saw some boys playing just inside a narrow court. They had only three or four marbles, a battered knucklebone or two, and a couple of old metal buttons. And the game was one Claire could

Claire looked up puzzled for a minute, then she cried, 'Oh, now I see! It was clever of you! I was discontented and sick of everything, and so you brought me out here to show me how the poor children amuse themselves and are satisfied with only such a very little. Wasn't that so, now?'

'Yes, dear,' replied the governess, 'and more than that, for out of your surprise and pity arose the desire to help the poor children, and this has taken you out of yourself and the weariness of such a life.'

But the cure for Claire's dumps did not end here. Her parents, who idolized their only child, and could refuse her nothing, began to realize too how much good they might do with the wealth God had given them. They hired a roomy house in the country, sent down a good staff of helpers, and throughout the summer months the comfortable house was always filled with poor, pale-faced children from the great city, conveyed thither for change of air, good food, and healthful play out in the open. So you see that a blessed work was begun just through the cure of one little girl's fit of the dumps.—M. E. R., in the 'Child's Companion.'

True Happiness.

Half the happiness in living
Comes from willing-hearted giving,
Comes from sharing all our pleasures.
From dividing all our treasures.
All the other half is loving
Woods and waters, fields and fountains.
All things tame and all things roving;
Loving skies, too, and the mountains.
So each good child should be sowing
Love seeds while his life is growing;!
For all happiness in living
Comes from loving and from giving.

—Waif.

Lesson for a Boy.

I overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment, and though Karl obeyed her it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased, and that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him, I came out on the piazza beside him and said, 'Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?'

The boy looked up in surprise.

'Why, I want him to be good for something.'

'But he likes to have his own way,' I objected. 'Why shouldn't he have it?'

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. 'I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way!' he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common sense.

'And as for working,' I went on, 'I should think there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse.'

'Why, don't you see if he doesn't learn when he's a colt—' Karl began. Then he stopped, blushed and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.—Selected.

Is it Any Harm?

'Don't be saying, "Can I do this, and can I do that?" or "Is it any harm?" Christianity is not a no-harm religion. It always means good. When you face a question, don't stop and ask, "Is it any good?" If you study your Bible carefully and pray faithfully, trying to be a winner of souls constantly, you will neither be barren nor unfruitful. Keep away from the danger line. The devil has practised on this old world for over six thousand years now, and he is pretty skilful at his trade. His joints never get stiff; he never has the rheumatism, the asthma, or neuralgia. I never heard of his being short of breath, and if you get over in his door-yard playing tag, sooner or later he will beat you and get your tag. But work for the Lord Jesus, and the devil will have no power over you.'—Selected

'And Afterwards, What?'

(S. C. Bond, in the 'Temperance Advocate.')

Give us wine, ruby wine, when it sparkles and glows,
And rivals in perfume the scent of the rose;
When it moveth itself in its smooth, gentle way,
And adds to our pleasure, the joy of its sway.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us drink that is stronger by far than red wine,
Its mildness and blandness with scorn we decline;
Give us brandy to stir all our blood to new life,
And drive out all thoughts of the world's stir and strife.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us headaches that drive all our senses away;
Give us woes without number through all the long day;
Give us sadness, and sorrow, and hot, burning tears;
Give us days full of anguish, and nights full of fears.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us angry contention and madness and strife;
Give us poverty's darkness to blacken our life;
Give us wives in the mad house to curse us and die;
Give us sad, hungry children with no place to lie.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us redness of eyes and sore weakness of sight;
Gives us noses that shines out like beacons at night;
Give us limbs full of weakness that reel as we walk,
And tongues that with babblings ant foolishness talk.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us visions of serpents and all creeping things,
Of adders and vipers, each one of which stings;
Give us scorpions and reptiles wherever we lie,
And the darkness of death many years ere we die.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us souls that in error and crime have been dipped,
From which all of godliness long has been stripped,
And a conscience that never shall stir us again;
Give us torment of darkness, unending, and then,
In eternity, what?

The Cigarette Habit.

The effects of cigarette smoking by boys and young men are positively injurious. The duty rests upon parents to restrain their boys from contracting the cigarette habit. Charles H. Stowell, M.D., treasurer and general manager of the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., in an article in the 'Business World,' gives among other reasons the following for opposing the smoking of cigarettes by boys under twenty-one years of age: 1. It lessens the natural appetite for food and injures digestion. 2. It seriously affects the nervous system. 3. It lowers the moral tone, and (4) it creates a craving for strong drink. For these and other reasons the company last February posted throughout their buildings this announcement: 'Believing that smoking cigarettes is injurious to both mind and body, thereby unfitting young men for their best work; therefore, after this date we will not employ any young man under twenty-one years of age who smokes cigarettes.' The company, on close observation for many years, discovered that the boys in their employ who were most energetic, active, alert, quick, spry, did not smoke; while the listless, lazy, dull, sleepy, uninteresting and uninterested, were those addicted to the smoking habit. It would be a good thing if all manufacturers or employers of boys, were to follow the example of the Lowell firm. Such a course, and the proper co-operation of parents, would go far toward suppressing the evil. This evil is spreading not only among the boys and young men, but also among the girls and young women.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Just Too Late.

'My dear fellow, I quite agree with you that total abstinence is an excellent thing for some people, but I feel positive that in your case a moderate use of stimulants would be of immense benefit. One may be over-zealous even in a good cause, you know; and you are the very last man in the world to indulge too freely in anything.'

Young Dr. Heywood looked anxiously at the worn countenance and painfully thin form of his valued friend and vicar as he said this.

Anselm Atherton smiled a little sadly as he replied gravely, 'Even had I the smallest degree of faith in the so-called beneficial properties of the prescription you advocate, my dear Heywood, I would never take it though ordered to do so by the most famous of London physicians. I am aware that you deem me something of a fanatic upon this point, and very possibly I appear as such to many; but you shall hear my reasons, and then decide whether I have not only too sad cause for my fanaticism. No; I am not very tired to-night, it is only the heat of these city streets that makes me pale, and I would gladly weary myself more could I but bring some wandering ones into the path of safety. Those horrid gin-palaces, haunts of Satan himself. Oh, that they could be abolished and this great city set free from such bondage!

An expression of deep pain crossed the fine intellectual face of the clergyman as he said, after a brief silence, 'The remembrance of what I am about to relate is so intensely painful that I have put it away from me, as much as possible, and let the "dead past bury its dead," and it is only because I feel it my solemn duty to warn you of the danger there is in prescribing strong drink in any form to your patients, and so impress you if possible with the tremendous importance of your responsibility as a medical man, that I recall that past now, and unearth, as it were once more from its grave, the terrible events of which I have never spoken to you or anyone before.

'Many years ago, when quite a young man, I was curate of the parish church in a lovely place on the coast of Devon which for convenience sake I will call Westhaven; it is not necessary to reveal its real name. While there I became very intimate with the Stanhopes at the Castle. I will not take up your scanty leisure by enlarging upon the beauty of that fair home; suffice it to say I was quite captivated by it, and the fairest treasure it contained— Lord Stanhope's lovely young daughter.

'Of Nora I dare not trust myself to speak. Your imaginative powers will furnish you with ideas of what she was. A queen of girls, lovely and gifted beyond the average. In course of time we became very dear to each other, and to my surprise her father actually smiled upon our engagement. Those were halcyon days, and had anyone suggested that underneath all their sunshine, within those ancient castle walls a terrible skeleton lurked ready to shadow our joy in the future I should have smiled incredulously at so seemingly impossible an idea.

'As it was I lived in a dream of bliss. The handsome, genial master of the Castle was most kind to me in every way, and there was only one subject upon which we did not agree. I can see by your eyes, Cyril, dear old boy, that you have already divined what that was. Lord Stanhope, though a man of most abstemious principles, hated what he called "cold-water doctrine," and often rallied me upon my views. Would that I had been a more faithful adherent to the cause I espoused. With deep shame I confess that I frequently refrained from advocating it both from the pulpit and in society, that I might not offend my aristocratic father-in-law, thus losing many a golden opportunity of doing good.

'When the time for our marriage drew near, and he pointedly asked me whether I intended to make Nora conform to my way of thinking, I weakly yielded to the temptation and said that my wife should be free to follow her own convictions upon the matter, instead of boldly declaring that not one drop of the cursed liquor should ever be permitted to enter our home.'

'I do not see how you could have acted otherwise,' observed Dr. Heywood.'

'I could, and ought,' rejoined Anselm Atherton sadly, 'and thus have spared the terrible consequences and retribution that followed. But you shall hear.

'We had been engaged about nine months, and preparations for the wedding were going on apace, when one day, chancing to be in London on business connected with the approaching festivities, I fell in with an old friend of my father's, a physician like yourself. He was one who held very strong views respecting the question of total abstinence; and much to his honor be it said, had frequently lost lucrative cases through his staunch adherence to his principles; and in his young days had preferred to tramp his daily rounds on foot and content himself with very modest fees, rather than win fame and ride in his carriage by the breaking of his conscientious determination not to prescribe alcoholic remedies.

'In those days there was very little light comparatively upon this all-important subject, and I, like very many others, was imbued with the fallacious idea that total abstinence was necessary to the lower classes only; but what I learned that day from old Dr. Bell opened my eyes considerably, and made me wish I had been as true to my pledge as he had, and, above all, that I could carry out his advice never to allow any strong drink in my new home.

'"Always remember you are living like those who dwell near a volcano," was his remark; "and it may break into eruption at any time. Believe me, moderation is the most dangerous of doctrines. While you keep the devil in solution in your home there can be no safety."'

'Would that I had acted upon his excellent advice,' continued the clergyman. 'We were married one exquisite day in June, and I thought myself the happiest of men in spite of the hateful presence of the enemy at the wedding feast, and my father-in-law's half-sarcastic remarks upon my refusal to partake of the expensive beverages provided. Oh, that I had stood up for the right, and, as a dear friend did the other day, nobly and courageously declare I would rather go without any festive meal to celebrate the event than have upon the table the vile liquor which had wrecked so many lives, ruined so many homes, and made the echo of those marriage bells too often but a painful memory.

'The first year of our married life passed in unclouded happiness, and at the end of that time my vicar died, and I was presented to the living by Lord Stanhope, in whose gift it was. Nora was enchanted at the idea of living in the picturesque old vicarage, which I fear was not a very healthy abode, and during our second autumn there my wife became quite ill with what appeared to be a bad form of neuralgia; and yielding to her entreaty I called in her old doctor instead of Dr. Temple, a man I much preferred, knowing him to be a staunch abstainer; and I was vexed to find that Dr. Viney had advised Nora to return to her port wine, which she had given up to please me ever since our union. I had hoped she was becoming really one with me at last upon the only question over which we were not agreed, and the disappointment was very keen, I had made this a matter of constant prayer, forgetting that I ought not to have mated myself with one who was utterly at variance with me upon so important a matter.

'Christmas brought no improvement in Nora's condition, and I began to be really alarmed as the New Year dawned and she became worse every day.

(To be Continued.)

LITTLE FOLKS

Mrs. Crimson's Afternoon Tea.

(By A. M. Keith, in 'Our Little One's Annual.')

It was all ready. The table, a smooth, white toadstool, was spread with a tempting feast. A sliced strawberry represented ice-cream and ices, the plates were rose-petals, and the goblets honey-suckle-blossoms with a drop of honey in each.

The guests were — Dorothy's dolls? — No, indeed! Hollyhock ladies in silky robes of crimson,

rose, pale pink, yellow, and white, with soft green shoulder-capes. Their heads were green grapes upon which features were marked with a pin.

Dorothy had worked hard to get everything ready, and was tired. Leaning against the old apple-tree root, she closed her eyes for a moment. Suddenly, however, she opened them in surprise, for Mrs. Crimson was saying:—

'Madame Blanche, do take some of this delicious strawberry cream.'

'No,' drawled Madame Blanche, peevishly; 'you know I don't like strawberry cream! Why didn't you have vanilla?'

Dorothy's face became almost as red as Mrs. Crimson's dress, for she recognized the very words she had used that day at dessert. Mrs. Crimson went on:—

'Miss Pink, Miss Rose, won't you have some ices?'

'I hate ices,' replied Miss Pink, tossing her head.

'So do I,' chimed in Miss Rose.

'Oh!' exclaimed Dorothy, 'you're spoiling the party. What makes you behave so?'

'You taught us!' they all cried; 'our stalks are just outside the dining-room window, and we hear you complaining at every meal.'

'But I don't do so at parties,' said poor Dorothy, half crying.

'It's just as bad to do it at home,' returned Madame Blanche, severely. 'Besides,' cried Miss Pink, in a shrill voice, 'you can't expect people with green-grape heads to have pleasant dispositions!'

At this all the hollyhocks pulled off their heads and began pelting Dorothy with them.

'Dorothy, Dorothy,' called some one. Dorothy gave a start and looked about her. There were the hollyhock ladies, their heads all in place, each wearing the same fixed smile she had scratched upon it with a pin.

'Dorothy, come to supper,' called mamma.

As Dorothy took her seat, papa said, 'Here's some nice hot toast. Pass your plate, Dorothy.'

She began to say, 'I hate toast, I wanted muffins for supper,' but she thought of Madame Blanche, and, shutting her lips firmly, passed her plate in silence. She ate her supper without a complaint, and, looking towards the window, fancied the tall hollyhocks outside were nodding kindly at her.

After supper she told mamma about it. 'I'm never going to forget that dream!' said she.

'I hope you never will,' replied mamma with a kiss.

Why the Photographer Waited.

Once a little girl while waiting in the photographer's sky-parlor to have her picture taken, got into a quarrel with her little brother. In the midst of it the man called 'Ready, Miss!' but as the little girl went forward she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She hurried to the man.

'Oh, please wait,' she said in distress; 'one picture is going away to Uncle Dick away off in Kansas City, and I want another for my teacher. I don't want them to see this face.'

'Why, have you two faces, little girl? I didn't think that this was a very good one. I'll wait till you put the other on.'

How funny the photographer was.

Bessie burst out laughing at the thought of taking off a face like a dress and putting on another. And then the man said:

'Now that's the face you needn't be ashamed to send anywhere, I'm sure; but if you were to wear it all the time now, I guess it wouldn't be wearing out.'

'Oh, no, indeed,' Bessie said, hanging her head a little; 'I think that the more I wear it the better it will look.'

When the pleasant-faced picture came home, Bessie said:

'I'll keep one on my little table, and I'll throw my old, cross face away, and use this all the time.'

And I am sure Uncle Dick and the teacher liked the ofter face best.—'S. S. Messenger.'

How the Baby Got In the Crib.

'Let's go and play in the corn-crib,' said Katherine.

'Oh, let's!' cried all the children at once.

'What's a corncrib?' asked the little visitor. 'I didn't know corn slept in a crib too! Do they put the baby corn in it to sleep?'

'Oh, no, laughed Katherine. 'They put the grown-up corn in a crib in winter; but in summer it's empty, and it's our playhouse. Come along.'

Away they went, even Baby Barbara, with her chubby bare feet picking her way slowly over the stones and rough places. When she climbed a few steps leading into the corncrib, the children were already there. Samuel

had scampered up the little winding stairway to the loft, and was peeping down through a crack, yelling like an Indian; Francis was dragging tin cans and bits of broken china from the closet under the stairs, 'getting dinner'; Katherine, with an old broom, was 'cleaning house.'

The sunshine streaming in through the wide crevices laughed to see the cornerib full of children instead of corn; and the baby, tumbling into the midst of it, laughed too. What a good time they had! Samuel found a knothole on the stairway big enough to put his foot through; and by climbing on an old chair Katherine could pull it a little. Such kicking and pulling! Then each in turn had to go up and put a foot through. Even Baby Barbara's fat foot dangled down, to the delight of all the others, who each in turn must climb up and pull her soft toes.

A cry of surprise from Francis brought all suddenly to the 'stove,' an old, rusty iron teakettle.

'What is it? what is it?' As they all stood looking in wonder, Francis had pushed off the lid, and there the old teakettle was filled with long, slender, white things reaching from the bottom to the top, and the very top of each one shaded into a soft green color. Suddenly Francis, 'the farmer,' clapped his hands and danced about with delight. 'Oh, I know, I know! Don't you remember last time we made coffee out of grains of corn and dirt and water? The corn sprouted, that's all; and it's trying to get out to the light. Let's set it out to the sun!'

'Wasn't it funny,' said the visitor later, 'that the baby corn got into the crib, after all?'—'Scattered Seeds.'

Turn About is Fair Play.

'Did you order the soup-bone on your way to school this morning, Sam? Because it didn't come.'

'Why, no, mother! I forgot it.'

Sam's mother looked more vexed than you might have expected; for, of course, little boys will forget sometimes, and people have to be patient with them.

But Sam was not surprised; he knew that it was not just now and then that he forgot; it was almost all the time. He forgot to open the window in the morning when he left his bedroom, and mother always had to attend to it; he forgot to shut the front door behind him; he forgot to wear his overshoes when it rained; he forgot to hang up his hat; he forgot to wash his hands and brush his hair for dinner; he forgot to feed the goldfish; he forgot to water the geraniums—oh, the list would be so long you would fall asleep over it were I to tell you all the things Sam constantly forgot to do.

And he did not seem to think that it was his fault; he always said: 'I forgot,' as if it were a perfectly good excuse.

'I am going to give you some medicine, little boy,' said the mother, 'to improve your memory.'

'Medicine, mother, out of the bottle?'

'No, not out of a bottle; you will find out about it presently.'

That night at tea Sam's cup had no sugar in it, and he made a very wry face. 'O, I told Hannah she might forget the sugar,' said his mother, 'you are used to forgettings.'

My, what a week it was! Everything went wrong with Sam. There was no salt in his oatmeal, no spoon on his plate, no gown under his pillow, no fire in his bedroom, no water in his pitcher, no buttons on his shirtwaist; the things that other people had been used to doing for him all went undone, and to every complaint his mother answered smilingly, 'Why, Sam, you ought not to mind people forgetting.'

But mothers do not like to see their little boys unhappy, or even uncomfortable; so pretty soon this mother said: 'Suppose we start over again, little son, and keep the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men, women and children should do to you, or for you, do you even so to them."'—'Mayflower.'

How it Was Managed.

If there was one person Dollie thought clever enough to do anything, and to whom she went in every trouble, it was brother Tom.

Did she tear a leaf in her picture book? Tom could mend it quite neatly. Did one of her dollies meet with an accident and break its head off? Tom could put it on again. Did her pet kitten stray away? Tom would find it.

So, of course, one day when the road was very muddy and she had to keep her new white shoes quite clean, she started off to find Tom to help her.

Mother had said before she went out that morning

'Now, remember, you are to keep your white shoes quite clean to go to auntie's.' The sun was shining then, and of course mother could not know it would rain hard for an hour or two after she had gone.

Tom was at his lessons, but he listened to Dollie as she told him about it with tears in her big blue eyes.

He looked at the muddy road and then at Dollie's white shoes, and then at two big tears trickling down her cheeks.

Now Tom could stand a great deal, from being beaten to being laughed at, but he could not stand seeing Dollie in tears without helping her. I fancy Dollie knew this, for she tried to look as woe-begone as possible.

'There's only one way,' said Tom at last; 'I could carry you.' The tears were soon winked away, and she was on Tom's back in no time.

Now a weight seems a great deal heavier at the end of a journey than at the beginning. Tom started in fine style, but he thought Dollie a very heavy little woman indeed before he got to the end of the road, and when she slid down as fresh as a daisy, poor Tom's back felt as if it would break. But Dollie was in high glee and gave him a good hug. She had come down the muddy road and yet had kept her shoes clean!

When mother returned that evening Dollie told her how she had obeyed her and yet had gone to her auntie's. Her mother said she was a good little girl and gave her a kiss, but she gave an extra smile and kiss to Tom for being so kind to his sister.—'Child's Companion.'

Light.

When grandma was a little girl,
And was sent up to bed,
She carried then a 'tallow dip,'
Held high above her head.

When mamma used to go upstairs,
After she'd said, 'Good-night,'
Her mother always held a lamp
So she could have its light.

As soon as sister's bedtime came,
When she was a little lass,
If she found the room too dark,
Mamma would light the gas.

Now, when the sandman comes for me
I like to have it bright;
So I reach up and turn the key
Of my electric light.

And maybe my dear dolly,
If she lives out her days,
Will see right through the darkness
With the magical X rays!

—'St. Nicholas.'

Correspondence

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sending two new subscriptions for the 'Northern Messenger,' and expect to get a Maple Leaf brooch.

I live in the country on a farm of two hundred acres. I walk to town nearly every Sunday to Sunday School. I nearly always get the 'Girl's Companion.' But sometimes I get the 'Messenger,' and then I give it away, as I get it through the post. I can answer some of the riddles: 1. What has a heart in its head? A cabbage. 2. There was a man, he had no eyes, he went abroad, to view the skies. He saw a tree with apples on it. He took no apples off, and left no apples on. I am not sure of this one, but I think it is the wind.

I am sending some riddles:

1. When are children like corn?

2. When is a lady's skirt like her husband's coat?

3. Open like a barn door, ears like a cat, guess all your lifetime, you can't guess that?

ANNIE C. McPHEDREN.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the second time I have written to the 'Messenger.' I am eight years old. I have five sisters and two brothers. My oldest brother is in the Merchan a Bank, and my sister is training for a nurse in Detroit. I went to Elora for a month, and had a good time, and was out in the country. We have a little black dog named Jack. W is a little village, but is pretty in summer.

LAURA INNIS NAIRN.

M. G., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and am in the ninth grade. I also go to Sabbath school. I have four brothers and two sisters; two brothers away and one sister. In my vacat n I was aw y at D rtmouth for five weeks. We live on a large farm and keep a large stock of cattle, and are building a new house.

GLADYS G. DARES.

S., Ont.

Dear Ed or I live in a small village. I go to school nearly every day, and am in the fourth reader. We have a Mission Band, and we are going to give a concert on Thanksgiving. I have one brother younger than myself.

ANNIE I. RODGERS.

[Your riddle has been asked, Annie Ed.]

B. C., Ont.

Dear Editor, I am a little girl ten years old. I live on a farm, and have a playhouse; it will soon be too cold to play in it. I milk a cow nearly every night, after I come from school. We have not threshed yet. It has been very wet weather, but will likely soon change.

M. E. HAMMOND.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from D., so I thought I'd try to get one in. I have two brothers and one sister. My father is dead. We lived on a farm until my father died, and then we came to town about three years ago. I think Canada is a most beautiful place. I enjoy sleighing in winter, and skating, too. I am thirteen years old.

CORA SILVER.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'On a Long Run.' William England (aged 11), L. J., Ont.

2. 'Flag.' Bessie Strong (aged 8), P. H., N.S.

3. 'Our House.' Matt. Robertson (aged 8), O., Ont.

4. 'The Old Homestead.' A 'Messenger' Reader (aged 12), W. A., N.S.

5. 'Turkey.' Jennie Bowie (aged 13), Montreal.

7. 'A Manitoba Home.' Charlie Forbes (aged 11), H., Man.

8. 'A Hen and Chickens.' Herbert Saunders (aged 14), Ottawa.

9. 'House.' Edna D. McMurdo (aged 11), K. G., P. E. I.

B., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy eight years old. I have two brothers and one sister. I live in Alberta, and go to school in B. I have a fine teacher. My brother has a livery. We have a ranch 12 miles from town. I have a pony, a dog and a cat. My brothers are cutting wheat, and Blanchard is setting it up.

HAROLD ANDERSON.

U. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer, and keeps cows, sheep, pigs, hens, turkeys, geese and ducks. I have two brothers and six sisters living. I have not missed a day since I began to go to school this term. I have three nephews, and two nieces, and I am only nine years of age. We have not a very large school, only twenty-seven on the roll.

F. I. L.

U. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is a very wet night, and I have nothing to do at present, so I thought I would write to you. We have a dog named Rego and also two ducks named Susie and Jake. I went away on a visit this summer to see some cousins before school began. I had a fine time. I think that in 'The Red, Red Wine' we had a very nice story.

A. D. L.

OTHER LETTERS.

Jessie Ca[illegible]n, L., Man., had a fine trip to Vancouver this past summer. Jessie has a twin sister. Are you much alike?

Florence Olive Miller, O., Ont., has a little brother four years old. He is a sweet little fellow' she says, and no doubt he is. Sorry, Florence but we can't give addresses.

Ruby J. Finley, P., N.S. sends three riddles, but they have been asked before. Ruby has taken Marguerite Brown's advice to read 'The Wide, Wide World,' and, of course, she enjoyed it.

Georgie Wood, K., N.S., has to cross a river in a canoe to get to school. Do you skate across in winter, Georgie?

M. F. H., Chester Basin, N.S., enjoyed 'Gulliver's Travels' very much.

Bessie Strong, P. H., N.S., sends a riddle, but it has been asked before.

Daniel McQuarrie, M. H., C.B., also sends a riddle, but forgot to send the answer. Daniel lives on a farm near the sea, so he ought to be a strong healthy boy.

Edna Louise MacAloney, U., N.S., and Jean Duncan, G., Ont., also send riddles, but they have been asked before.

We also received little letters from Jennie Bowie, Montreal; Evelyn Foster, W. R., N.S.; Carrie Parent, G. H., N.B., William England, L. J., Ont.; and Mina Wright, B. Ont.

DAINTY DOLL'S PATTERNS

Hundreds of little mothers were charmed last year with the dainty dolls' patterns we were able to supply.

The sewing season is on again, and dolly's winter wardrobe sadly needs attention. Then there are dolls to dress for baby sisters, dolls to dress for Christmas trees, dolls to dress for missionary boxes, and dolls to dress for—well, just for the fun of dressing them, and for another very good reason—to learn to sew neatly, that by-and-bye you can make your own clothes. For all this sewing, it would be so nice to have tissue paper patterns, 'just like mamma,' wouldn't it?

SET NO. 2.—GIRL DOLL'S OUTDOOR SUIT.

Well, we have them for you. The directions are clear and easy to follow, and there is a diagram to show you how to put your pattern on cloth, so as to make your cloth go as far as possible; even 'grown-up's' make mistakes, in that way, as mother will agree. The patterns are in only one size to fit a doll of 12 to 15 inches, but each set contains from three to six garments, including the underwear.

Eight sets are in stock now, but we will not be able to get more at so low a price, so order at once if you want them. If any set you choose is sold out, we will put in another of your own choosing. The following are those to choose from:—

Set 1. Child doll's out-door suit with cape and bonnet.

Set 2. Girl's doll's out-door suit, with jacket and muff.

Set 4. Girl doll's indoor set, with pinafore.

Set 5. Doll's party dress, with cloak.

Set 7. Infant doll's out-door suit.

Set 8.—Infant doll's indoor suit.

Set 11. Girl doll's sailor suit.

Set 12. Boy doll's sailor suit.

Give number and name of set when you order, and send the money in cash or two-cent stamps. As to the price, in order that we could not accept less than ten cents, the price is for big patterns, but we will pack two sets added to any other order sent to this office. If father is interested for the 'Messenger' and 'Witness,' or if mother is ordering some fashion patterns, or if big brother is collecting for a premium, just get them to add the order for a doll's pattern for you.

Another capital way to get them is to get four or five little friends to put their money with yours, and order all together. Two cents each. We would send the patterns all to you, and you would know how to distribute them to the right persons.

Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Secrets of a Happy Day.

(By Frances Ridley Havergal.)

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still;
Just to follow hour by hour
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth;
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatso'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His Word,
Watching, that His voice may be
Clearly heard;
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises;
Just to listen, and to say,
Where you cannot miss his voice,
'This is all!' and thus to-day,
Trusting Him, you shall rejoice.

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey;
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth;
Just to take thy orders straight
Marked by Him who loves thee best—
From the Master's own command;
Blessed day, when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand!

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things—
All we cannot understand.
All that stings;
Just to let Him take the care
Scarcely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing;
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best—
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

'Regulate Your Hurry.'

A friend of mine travelling to Norway told me she was much amused at the directions on the hotel walls for English tourists; that relating of the fire escape being particularly unique, viz., 'Regulate your Hurry.'

That many women in this rushing, feverish age fail to regulate their hurry, is seen in the increase of nervous diseases. Over-doing is the order of the day; nearly every one attempts too much and consequently we have lost much of the quiet and repose which make life beautiful. The old-fashioned woman who was always at home has been supplanted by the hurried nervous one, who is rarely in the house, except to eat and sleep, or to entertain company and who, when she does have a leisure moment, is too weary to enjoy it. Said one of these women to whom the excitement of outside interests was meat and drink, and to whom club life, society life, and everything indeed but home life was a delight, 'I can keep up as long as I have guests in the house, but when they have gone I am utterly exhausted and my husband makes sarcastic remarks about my being "so entertaining to outsiders, and so dull when I am along with him," but he does not realize that I am worn out and ready to drop.

Even the young girls are drawn into the rush, and I know one pretty little creature in her teens who complains wearily that she does not stay at home long enough to sew on her buttons, for besides her society duties she belongs to no less than six clubs, yet she thinks she cannot stop, not knowing how to regulate her hurry.

But it is a plea for the children I would make, in urging the mothers of the present day to regulate their hurry.

A child surely has a right to much of its mother's time, and has a claim on her interests in all its plans; but how many children get this right? Are they not more frequently dismissed with a hurried 'run away now—I'm tired—don't bother me—some other time?' The other time seldom, if ever, comes.

One New Year's day I was an amused spectator at a doll's reception, and chanced to hear a conversation which made me realize how little the society mothers actually see of their children. Dolls of all sorts and conditions were present at this function and a great variety of costumes displayed. One little flaxen-haired beauty seemed to be the most admired. Her underclothing was all hand made and trimmed with lace, while the dainty reception gown was equally fascinating. 'Where did you get it?' 'Isn't she sweet?' 'Who made her clothes?' came a chorus of questions.

'Why my mother dressed it of course; she always does! She loves dolls as much as I do,' answered the proud owner of the waxen beauty.

'Your mother dressed it! Did she really?' queried a surprised little friend: 'Does she get time to sew on your doll's clothes? Oh, how I wish my mother would do that! But, of course she never has time, and I hardly ever see her. When I get home from school she is at a reception or a card party, and at night she either has company or goes to the theatre, and on Sunday she is so tired she sleeps nearly all day, or goes out with papa.'

Naturally I was anxious to see the doll this motherless (?) child brought, and I was not surprised to find it bedecked with bits of ribbon and gauze, hastily put together by a nurse and the cheap effect pathetically told the tale that even dolls can not altogether be relegated to nurses, but like their owners need 'mothering.'

In the former case the mother went so far as to 'love dolls' and even on occasions was called dolly's grandmother.

And can you not imagine as she played thus with her daughter that she managed to instill some beautiful thought that could bear precious fruit in after years?

In contrast to this is another case where the mother was a society woman solely. On one occasion she was unwillingly acting the part of nurse. A friend coming in found her sitting in one corner of the room intent upon a book, and holding in her hand a little switch, probably not so much for actual use, as to intimidate her charge, and insure to herself an uninterrupted hour.

In another corner as far away as possible sat Dorothy with her doll baby in her lap; 'If you dare to do that again, I shall give you a good whipping. Then followed some sounding slaps and a great pretense of anger on the part of the little lady. The scene was so comical that the mother herself had to laugh and admitted frankly it was only too true to life. She said she thought the care of children was very wearing and she would be very glad when Dorothy was grown up. And when Dorothy does grow up think you she will be any kinder to her own children, if she has any, than she was to her doll? I fear not. 'Like parent like child' is only too true. Yet where is the conscientious mother who does not hope that her children will do better than she has done and succeed where she has failed? If this hope is to be realized, the foundation must be laid in early childhood. No one can take the place of the mother. She must give herself up to the work and 'herself' means her time. If she is being drawn too much into the vortex of outside interests, there is only one course before her—to stop short and 'regulate her hurry.'—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Inside and Outside Influences.

(Kate Upson Clark in the Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.')

Far too many of us realize but dimly the full influence which our home ideals have upon our children. We think that they go to good schools on week-days, and to good Sunday schools on Sundays, and that, therefore, we may feel ourselves relieved of the responsibilities which we have imagined that we have shifted upon the teachers in those respective institutions.

Your child may be taught grammar in his school, but his language till the day of his death will bear upon it the accent and the idiom of his home. He may be explicitly instructed in ethics in his church and Sunday school, but his morals will be those of his father and mother. He may be told that he should love to read, and love to study, and love to listen to lectures on profound subjects, but he is going to do in all those matters just about as his father and mother do.

It is the home that molds the child's thoughts and manners, and every father and mother who thinks he can cherish low ideals, or can delegate any considerable part of this molding duty to outsiders, will come to grief.

In at least one such family, where the best schools and the most faithful religious teachers labored with the half-dozen children through all the so-called 'formative years,' the results were most disastrous. The children all went wrong, simply because the home had left everything to the schools. It really sometimes seems as if school and church put on only the frosting of the cake, that the whole texture and quality of the cake itself depends upon the home.

The teacher tells the child that he should not smoke—he should not swear. The father smokes and swears—and all the teacher's talk goes for naught.

The teacher tells the child that he must read—and read what is good. He sees no good reading done in his home.

The teachers tell the girl that it is vain and foolish to talk of dress very much; to paint and powder her face. The child's mother thinks of nothing but clothes from morning to night, and paints and powders her face.

The teachers tell the child that it is wrong to evade taxes, to steal in any way. The mother makes the child cower in order to appear smaller than he is, and thus escape paying full fare on the railroads.

The teachers condemn quarrelling and bickering, and loud talking. In the child's home

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N.B.—Our new three months' subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' at 25c. equal to two 'Messenger' subscriptions in above offer. One new 'World Wide' subscription equal to three 'Messengers.' All subscriptions to be strictly new.

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there may be constant bickering and lack of self-control, and he will get the habit, no matter how the schools teach him.

It is a rare child who is able to shake off the almost irresistible, never-ceasing, subtle influences of the home and substitute for them the shadowy, half-comprehended ideals set before him by his teachers. If mothers and fathers could only realize that it is what they are and what they do every day in the home which are going to determine the quality of their children, perhaps they would take a little more pains. They are lazy; they have formed habits they had to give up; and they think it is enough if they are faithful in making the children go to the schools. These schools, they argue, will surely point out the right ways and make the children walk in them.

Don't for an instant believe it. If you want your children to be noble and high-minded, you have got to be so yourself. Even that may not be enough, but it is the only thing. Some people think that that is the reason why children were given us—to make us behave ourselves.

Selected Recipes.

GINGERED PEACHES.—Soak one ounce of green ginger over night in a pint of water. Peel eight pounds of ripe peaches and cut into quarters or smaller. Place a layer of peaches on a platter, sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar, then add another layer of peaches and sugar, and continue in this manner until all are used. Let stand over night. In the morning turn into a porcelain-lined preserving kettle, add the water in which the ginger has been soaked, and simmer four hours, or until rich and thick.

COFFEE CAKE.—To make a cake flavored with coffee, use strong coffee in place of milk in mixing the batter. A good recipe is one cup of coffee, one scant cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of seeded raisins chopped fine, one teaspoonful soda, one egg, four cups of sifted flour, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.

A DELICATE PUDDING.—Soak quarter of a box of gelatine in sufficient cold clear coffee to soften. Make a boiled custard of two cups of milk, a pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. While hot pour on the soaked gelatine, and after straining fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Add half a cup of finely chopped Madeira meats. Pour in individual forms, stand in ice chest to harden. Serve with cream flavored with lemon.

ROLLS.—At night scald one-half pint of milk and let it get cold. Take one quart of flour and rub in thoroughly a dessert-spoonful of lard and a little salt. Add a tablespoonful of sugar and one-fourth cup of yeast to the milk, and pour into the middle of the flour, without mixing at all. Let it stand until morning; then mix, and let it stand until noon. Then knead very thoroughly, and roll out as for biscuit. Cut them out, roll the edges together, and stick with a bit of butter set away in a cool place until tea-time, and bake in a quick oven.

CREAM PIE.—Beat the yolks of three eggs with one cup of sugar. Sift two level teaspoons of baking powder with one cup of sifted flour; add it to the sugar and yolks of eggs. Then add the beaten whites. Butter two layer cake pans; fill them with the mixture. Put them into a rather quick oven and bake ten minutes. Let them rest in the tins for two minutes, then turn them out. Just before serving time spread with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored. The top may be covered with icing.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One and one-half cups of pulverized sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, white of five eggs, two cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in jelly tins. For the frosting grate one-sixth of a cake of sweet chocolate, mix with one cup of sugar, butter size of an egg, one-half cup of milk and one tablespoonful of cornstarch. Let all boil five minutes stirring constantly. Flavor with vanilla. Let it cool a little before spreading over cake.

LEMON CAKE.—Two cupsful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, three eggs, one cupful of milk, three cupsful of flour, three level teaspoonsful of baking powder; bake in layers. For the jelly use the grated rind and juice of two lemons, one cupful of sugar, one egg, one-half cupful of water, one teaspoonful of butter, and one tablespoonful of flour mixed in a little water. Boil until it thickens, let it cool, and spread it between the layers of cake.

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CHRISTMAS NEEDLEWORK

Many of our readers would like to include a little real lace among their Christmas gifts for friends, but think it perhaps more difficult than it really is. We have arranged to supply patterns for real Battenberg lace, stamped in black on blue cambric, each pattern with illustrated working directions, so simple as to enable almost anyone to make these dainty articles. The designs will cover doylies, centrepieces, sideboard or piano scarfs and runners, collars, handkerchiefs, etc. Patterns can be used over and over again. The cuts are all greatly reduced. Full size of cambric pattern given with each design.

For the additional accommodation, of out-of-town readers particularly, we can supply the necessary material in best quality linen braid, thread, and crocheted rings. Prices vary for both patterns and materials according to size and quality. Read descriptions carefully, and send money in postal note, money order, or registered letter. Stamps (one and two cent) accepted for small sums. Always send illustration with order to avoid mistakes, and carefully state size when design is given in various sizes.

Readers will bear in mind that the materials we supply are not cotton, but the best imported linen throughout, so that if the cost is higher than the braids ordinarily sold, the quality fully makes up for it in beauty of appearance and in durability.

DESIGN NO. 39.

DOYLEY, CENTRE, OR RUNNER.

Doyley sizes, 7 in., 12 in., 14 in.; Centrepiece, 25 in.; Runners, 17 by 68 in., 21 by 72 in.

At breakfast, luncheon and supper the table-cloth is dispensed with in many homes to-day, plate, bread-and-butter, finger-bowl and tumbler doyleys being used instead. It is an artistic fashion, as the dark wood forms an effective background and makes the lace show to its very best advantage.

Cambric pattern, with illustrated directions for working the above design of real Battenberg lace can be supplied to match in the different sizes, and complete working materials are offered, as follows:—

Doyley pattern, size 7 inches; price, eight cents. Material 4 1-2 yards linen braid No. 1 thread), 15 cents, or material for six for price of five, if sent along with pattern order.

Doyley pattern, size, 12 inches, price 15 cents. Material (16 yards braid, No. 1, 1 thread), 30 cents, or material for two for 55 cents, if sent with pattern order.

Doyley pattern, size 14 inches, price, 18 cents. Material (13 yards No. 2 braid, 1 thread, 4 rings), 30 cents, or two for 55 cents, if sent with pattern order.

Centrepiece, pattern, size, 25 inches, price, 25 cents. Material (23 yards No. 2 braid, 2 thread, 8 buttons), 60 cents.

Runner pattern, 17 x 68 inches, price 30 cents. Material (42 yards No. 2 braid, 2 thread, 12 buttons), 95 cents.

Runner pattern, 21 x 72 inches, price, 50 cents. Material (60 yards No. 2 braid, 2 thread, 50 buttons), $1.35.

Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Men's Wives.

'This place is perfect,' Charles Kingsley once wrote to his wife from the seaside, 'but it seems a dream and imperfect without you. I never before found the loneliness of being without the loved being whose every look and word and motion are the keynotes of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar—Fools.'

Within a few days of his death, having escaped from his sick-room, he sat for a few blissful moments by the bedside of his wife, who was lying seriously ill. Taking her hand tenderly in his, he said, in a hushed voice, 'Don't speak, darling. This is heaven.'

John Bright spoke of his wife as 'the sunshine and solace of his days.' When she died,

Fall and Winter Fashions.

Those who purchased our catalogue of spring and summer patterns found it a very handy addition to the home work-room. We can supply an attractive catalogue of the latest styles for fall and winter, 1907-8. Same price as before, only ten cents, and well worth that small sum. Illustrated supplement on Home Dressmaking, Fancy Work, Household and Beauty Hints, and the latest Embroidery Designs.

Send name and address on pattern coupon given in this issue, with ten cents in stamps, and the catalogue will be sent you by mail. Allow one week margin beyond time necessary for return of mail, as orders are handled in rotation.

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he said, 'It seems to me as though the world were plunged in darkness, and that no ray of light could ever reach me again this side of the tomb.' It was Cobden who shook him at last from the lethargy and despair which were paralyzing his splendid energies. 'There are thousands of homes in England at this moment,' he said, 'where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the corn law is repealed.'

Dean Stanley said: 'If I were to epitomize my wife's qualities, I couldn't do it better than in the words of a cabman who drove us on our honeymoon. "Your wife," he said to me, "is the best woman in England"—and I quite agree with him.'

'Why should you pity me?' Mr. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, remarked to a friend who had expressed sympathy with him in his affliction. 'My wife is all the eyes I want, and no man ever looked out on the world through eyes more sweet or true.'

No man ever relied more completely on his wife's guidance and counsel than John Keble, the poet of the 'Christian Year.' She was, as he often declared, his 'conscience, memory, and common-sense.'

Dr. Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln, said that his wedded life had been 'as near perfection as was possible this side of Eden.'—'Tit-Bits.'

In Spite of Heredity.

Those who have read the interesting biography of that great and good man, the late Earl of Shaftesbury, who was a leader in all that was noble and good, will remember the remarkable facts of his life. He was not only the son of a father who drank hard, and used very bad language, but his mother was also a his training. Not only was the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury likely to turn out badly from worldly, selfish woman, who utterly neglected hereditary causes, but also from environment. His mother's neglect was, however, the cause of his salvation; for he was committed to the care of an old nurse, who was a true Christian, and who, in his early youth, instilled her Christian principles into his plastic mind; thus counteracting for good the mother's evil influence, and sowing the seeds in his young heart of that noble character which, in after years, made him do so much for his country and poor suffering humanity around him. Heredity was adverse, and environment was bad, but faith was stronger than both together.

It is not a little remarkable that another striking personality, well known as an earnest Christian man and a great philanthropist, had an experience similar to that of Lord Shaftesbury. I refer to the great Wilberforce, whose name was so closely associated with the

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(Contents.)

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The 'Pictorial' Publishing Company of Montreal is doing a distinct service to Canada and Canadians in publishing the 'Canadian Pictorial.' The illustrations are high class and the printing is in keeping. There is a large field in Canada for such a magazine, and the standard set by the 'Canadian Pictorial' should spell success.—'The Hamilton Spectator.'

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I am highly pleased with the 'Canadian Pictorial.'—Ed. of 'Standard,' Pembroke, Ont.

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BIRTHDAY.

Just a year ago the 'Canadian Pictorial' made its bow to an admiring constituency. Thousands of people subscribed to the end of the last year—and practically all of them followed up their trial with an annual subscription accompanying with it in very many cases subscriptions for their friends also.

The list of admirers continues to grow at such a rate as to involve presently the purchase of additional machinery—the present plant, though the best to be had, is already taxed to the utmost to get the publication out in the required time. This all shows the popularity of the 'Canadian Pictorial.' You would certainly have it in your home if you could see a copy. But as these copies cost too much to send around as samples it has been decided to offer November and December issues of this year for only 15 cents. October issues are almost exhausted, but this will be included as long as supply lasts. The Christmas Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' which is going to be extra fine, is included in the offer. We make this offer knowing that you will want to continue taking the publication regularly after the trial. Only 15 cents to the end of the year. John Dougall & Son, agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

SPECIAL YEAR-END COUPON.

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liberation of all the slaves belonging to the British Empire. He, too, had a worldly, selfish mother, whose one object was to push him on in the things of this world. She not only neglected his religious training, but actually opposed anything of the kind, and would rather he had turned out a man of the world than a Christian man. In spite of his hereditary taint, and in spite also of his environment, an apparently accidental acquaintance at the University led him to take up the nobler and better life, and to be to the world an object-lesson that a living faith in Christ can make us 'more than conquerors.'—'Christian Age.'

Fancy Work.

Of course it is quite impossible that a man, however gifted, should appreciate the importance of fancy-work to the feminine mind. A woman finds a great deal of pleasure in the embroidery, the lace, the crochet-work or knitting, that she keeps on hand as a relief from other sewing or from the continual mending that is the mother's and the housewife's portion. Very little poetry, although very much true love may prompt it, goes to the patching of Johnny's trousers and darning a jagged tear in father's coat; but when a woman has finished her household tasks for the day, and has changed her kitchen garb for a fresher gown, she understands what is meant by life's poetry a wee bit better, if from her basket she takes a piece of dainty linen, and embroiders it with leaf and stem, than if she sit down beside a great pile of socks, with yawning holes at the toes and the heels.

There are specimens of needle craft that have the beauty and finish of painting, and they have filled happy hours for happy women. We need not go to museums and expositions to discover wonder specimens of art needlework. They are to be found in plain farmhouses, and in the back rooms of city boarding houses, where quiet women have learned that a great deal of pleasure, and not a little repose, comes from doing beautiful needlework well.

If one does not care for the needle, and it is not her tool, she may pass this paragraph by There are thousands of Eve's daughters who do understand, and who love the little needle, and use it as an artist uses brush and pencil.—'Christian Herald.'

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'